

The Voice

Midge Ure

Native these words seem to me All speech directed to me I've heard them once before I know that feeling

Stranger emotions in mynd Changing the contours I find I've seen them once before Someone cries to me

Oh, the look and the sound of The Voice They try, they try Oh, the shape and the power of The Voice In strong low tones

Forceful and twisting again Wasting the perfect remains I've felt it once before Slipping over me

Oh, the look and the sound of The Voice They try, they try Oh, the shape and the power of The Voice In strong low tones

Sweetly the voices decay Draw on the lines that they say I'd lost it once before Now it cries to me

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